

A Few Lines For H. B. At Morning

(... harry's driving off into the sun in his tin-can citroën.  
where's he going: duck-foot Charlie walking off maybe thirty  
years ago with Paulette Goddard on his arm -- she was a dish --  
bolts, tin-cans, monkey-wrenches, nuts and screws -- What's  
left ...)

Don't let the sun go down  
Pull your end of the string  
Jerk it back into the sky  
Grinning cardboard  
Salt of your eyes  
Green cacti  
The lack of ebullition  
The globe the rope  
The circle  
The rooms of self-destruction  
    rectangular  
    pinch the nose and bite the eyelids  
Oh the wilful dead-end bottle  
Anywhere

What rips through your cage  
Shake the bars  
It's only the red coyote laugh  
    of those blind hand on shoulder  
    walking knee-deep into yesterday  
Deeply broken  
Beyond the trappings  
Weep too late for tomorrow's kisses  
Light heart of the salty lake  
Let there be bright!

-- Christopher Perret

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NI PAR GOUT NI PAR DÉGOUT

(translation)

J'ais pris le papillon  
par les deux ailes  
et lentement j'ai tiré

I took the butterfly  
by its two wings  
and slowly pulled

j'ai regardé  
les deux morceaux

I looked at  
the two pieces

-- Harry Bell

-- Christopher Perret